

Correspondence Column

Liked the Contest Page.

Dear Editor:—I am glad to write and tell you how much I enjoyed the contest page. I think Alvin Hattorf's piece was the best. I wish you would send me my prize I won about two months ago. I think the contest page was fine, editor. It has turned out cold today.

Your loving member,
VIRGINIA DILLARD.

Chillicothe, Va.

From a Prize-Winner.

Dear Editor:—Words cannot express my surprise and delight when I learned that I was the prize-winner in our contest. When the paper comes we all rush for the page, and this Sunday it happened that my little sister was the one who got it first. In a few minutes she came rushing in with the prize. I tell you, you just can't imagine my feelings. To all the members who so kindly wrote in praise of my story I extend my sincerest and heartfelt thanks. Their good will and words of appreciation make me happier than all the prizes could. This Sunday the first one I've spent at home in a month. I have been away on a vacation trip to Lynchburg for three weeks. There certainly was lots of fun going on while I was there, and especially while out at the M. C. Club. I enjoyed my stay to the full, going out in autos and steam launches and rowing the river was when our bunch kicked up noise and had fun enough to make any one hate to leave such a jolly place. But everything has to end some time, so now I am at home once more. Believe me, things are pretty well, too, but I'm trying to fill up my time as well as I can. To-day I am studying Hebrew, which is no couch, you being with me. I am keeping up with my German, and in between times I read, write or sew.

Since suggestions are always in order, I am right here in line, of course, you may not like it, but here goes. I know that the summer all the members have been taking snapshots, more or less, so have about having a page about the last of August containing snapshots of the members? I think it would be a fine idea. I don't mean to have any cabinet pictures, or anything of the kind, but just natural, homelike poses. I know all the members want to know what each other looks like, so could call it the "Exciting Acquaintance" page. I would like to see the other members would write their opinions on the matter. This is only a suggestion. So many people have asked me what the prize is, but of course I have to confess that I do not know. I suppose that I'll have to wait until I get it, but I am all right with it. I'll be glad to place (though I know you are busy) hurry it up, and I think it will be if you know. Again thanking all the members for their votes and for your sweet letter, I remain,

Sincerely,
RAE W. BERNAN.

Danville, Va.

Sends Drawings.

Dear Editor:—I am sending in some drawings, which I hope to see in print. My sister, in sending in drawings, which she hopes to see in print. Please excuse this, as I am in a hurry. I will write a longer letter next time.

Your member,
SALLY TAYLOR.

Stovall, N. C.

New Member.

Dear Editor:—I want to be a member of the T. D. C. Club. Please send me a badge and a drawing. Please print it in the daily paper.

Your new member,
LUCILE TERRELL.

Heaver Dam, Va.

Sends Story.

Dear Editor:—I am sending in a story and a drawing, which I hope very much to see in print. I am working with much and want to win a prize.

Your member,
IDA JACKSON.

Stovall, N. C.

Appreciates Badge.

Dear Editor:—I received the nice badge, and appreciate it so much. I am sending you answers to jumbled names, also. I am sending you some D. C. names in figures, which I hope will be in print. I am proud to be a member of the T. D. C. Club.

Your new member,
EDWARD JACKSON PRICE.

Duane, Va.

Badge Will Be Sent.

Dear Editor:—I have sent anything to the T. D. C. Club in a good while, but am sending in some drawings. I hope to see them in print in the Sunday paper. I have received my badge, but hope to soon. I am proud to be a member of the T. D. C. Club.

Your member,
LUCY TAYLOR.

R. E. D. Stovall, N. C.

Sends Story.

Dear Editor:—I certainly do thank you for printing my story in the paper and now I hope it will be printed. I hope I will receive a medal soon. I will try to write once or twice a week.

Your member,
ETHEL GLENN.

Prospect, Va.

Will Not Forget the T. D. C. C.

Dear Editor:—How do you like these cool days? Well, I can't think of much of them for I'm in favor of the "good old summer time." I am going away Tuesday, the 18th of August, but I won't forget the T. D. C. C. I can't think of anything to draw this week, so I will close for this time.

Your member,
MYRTLE TRAYLOR.

500 East Broad Street, City.

Appreciates Prize.

Dear Editor:—I am so glad some one has found my medal, and would thank them very much if they would be kind enough to return it. I left the medal in my office and I was coming home from your office and I found it on the table. I was so glad to find it. I will be glad to see it in print. I will be glad to see it in print.

Your member,
NELLIE McLELLAN.

61 S. Twenty-fourth St., City.

Liked Last Sunday's Page.

Dear Editor:—I liked the page fine Sunday. I liked the drawing very good. I liked the story very good. I liked the drawing very good. I liked the story very good.

Your member,
R. E. SETA.

120 West Broad Street, City.

Sends Charade.

Dear Editor:—I guess you have gone on your vacation and I am sending a charade, which I hope will be in print. I am sending in the daily paper, as we do not take the Sunday paper. I have not got my badge yet, but guess you will send it when you come back home. I must now close.

Your new member,
KATE M. HARRIS.

Westhope, Sussex County, Va.

Back From Branch.

Dear Editor:—Well, I have returned from Virginia Beach after spending a very pleasant two weeks. I am glad that you received my card, and I enjoyed reading your story in the paper. I certainly did enjoy the Chautauqua lectures the first week and looking on the beach the second week after the excitement was over. I suppose you have heard Dr. R. E. Pierce, of New York, lecture. He illustrated his lectures by using colored chalk, and he made every hearer feel like he was there. I was at the most interesting lecture of Dr. A. L. Williams, from Alabama. On Tuesday, July 15, Dr. Williams lectured on prohibition. It was a grand lecture, and the school ending page was fine, and I thought the members on their good work. I think the members on their good work. I think the members on their good work.

Your member,
LOTTIE DICKSON.

Oakwood City.

From a Prize-Winner.

Dear Editor:—How glad and surprised I was when I saw that I was a prize-winner. Thank you so much. Congratulations to all the members. I am glad that you are all doing so well. I am glad that you are all doing so well. I am glad that you are all doing so well.

Your member,
MARGARET PROCTOR.

Drakes Branch.

Thanks for Badge.

Dear Editor:—I received my badge, and thank you for it. I guess you and the members think that I have forgotten you all, but I have not. I am glad that you are all doing so well. I am glad that you are all doing so well. I am glad that you are all doing so well.

Your member,
BEITHA LANGLEY.

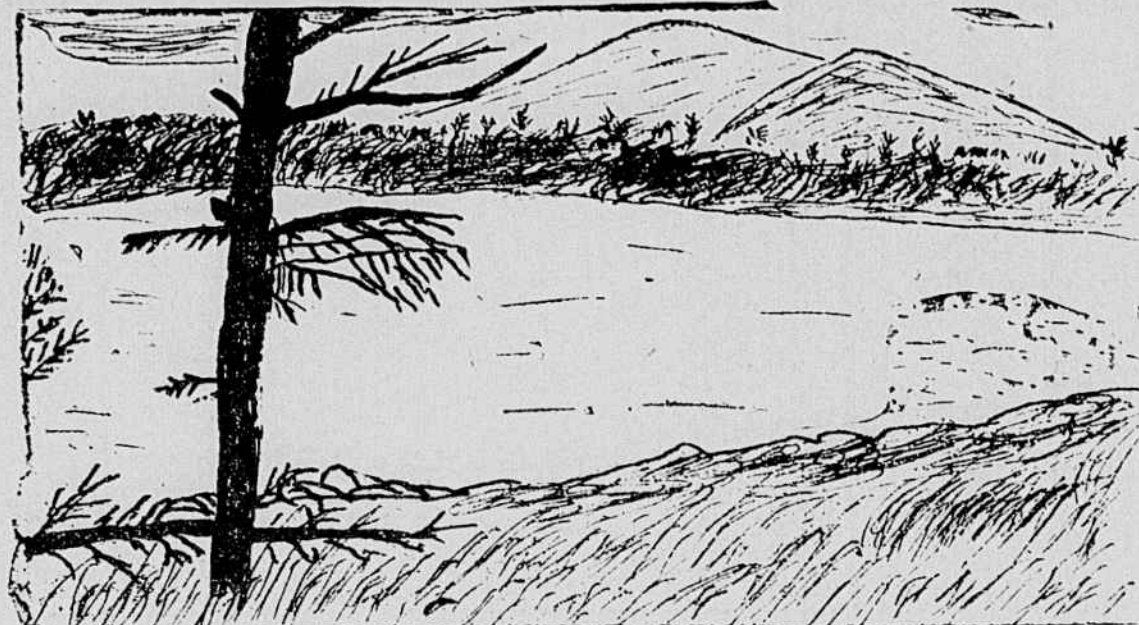
Richmond, Va.

New Member.

Dear Editor:—I wish to become a member of the T. D. C. Club. Please send me a badge and a drawing. I will try to contribute something next week.

Your new member,
RUBY ADAMS.

Pen Hook, Va.



Drawn by Helen Taylor.

Editorial and Literary Department

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The editor of the T. D. C. C. is on vacation this week. All letters to prize-winners will be deferred until next week. Badges will also be sent on the editor's return. The editor sends greetings to the members of the club, and hopes they are thoroughly enjoying the summer.

MY IMAGINARY TRIP ON AN ICE-BERG.

Last winter my friend, Miss Stone, who lives far up in the north on the island of Greenland, invited me and several other friends to come and spend a few weeks with her.

It was a cold winter morning when we left on our journey. The snow was about two feet deep. I decided that it could not be much colder in Greenland. After traveling a long while we reached her home. We found it very cold there, but as I had been used to unusually cold weather at home it did not go very hard on me.

The third day that we had been there we decided to go out on the Baffin Bay to spend the day and watch the little Eskimos play on the ice. We walked and skated about two miles out on the ice. Suddenly we heard a dreadful noise, which sounded like ice cracking, and in a little while we found ourselves moving slowly down the bay on a Titanic iceberg. We became very frightened, for there was no way for us to get back to the shore, and nothing was left for us to do except to stay on the berg.

We had clothing enough to keep from freezing, and we had a supply of food to last two days, for all were so alarmed that we could not eat very much. It must have been a most picturesque and beautiful scene to have watched us moving slowly down the bay on this huge iceberg. After having floated for a day, we found that we had gone through the Davis Strait, but still could see no visible means of rescue. On the second day of my trip on the "berg" we sighted a small island far distant from us. We began to hope that we might reach it, but we passed it.

We soon began to reach the warmer waters of the Atlantic. We could see the icebergs had begun to melt. By this time we had reached all of our food, when, greatly to our surprise and joy, we saw a small vessel sailing toward our "berg," and it came closer and closer until the people on it could see us. They began to try to rescue us. This they did. When we had boarded the vessel they carried us safely to the nearest harbor, and from there we returned to our homes.

(Original.)
ALICE CHATHAM.

Evergreen, Va.

BABY BLUE AND THE CO-ED.

Told by One of the Boys.

(In three parts—Part I.)

I don't mind admitting that Gladys Castleton was pretty. I don't mean to say that she was the prettiest girl in school, but she was pretty. Her golden curls flowed around her face like a halo. Her eyes were big and blue, and her nose was straight and fine. She was a way of looking up from her book, and that is how we all got to know her. When she first came, which was not until Keats and Overly had become the Keats-Overly co-educational institution, she was a new girl. She was a co-ed, and she was a co-ed. She was a co-ed, and she was a co-ed.

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wonder if she would never reach me.

But she only put her hands in mine.

"You forget," she said, "we're in company, Terry."

You see she was the girl in Colorado I was secretly engaged to. Well, say, I'd rather have seen that little girl than anybody else in the world. Introductions followed, and it was vulgar to say the least. You've panicked me with her. But she wasn't that kind, though she did treat me better than I thought she ought to. I fidgeted for a while, and then "Come on, Chick," I whispered, "I'm dying to talk to you. Let's break away from this crowd."

So with the excuse that I wanted to show her around and hear about the home folks, we trotted off. There was a small pine woods to the rear of the academy, with a carriage road leading through them, and there's a cleared space among the trees, where our club holds concerts of warm summer evenings. It was there I took Val, and she told me of all that had happened back home, but she was more interested in the school she was going to attend, and the other students.

"Who was that girl with the light hair?" she asked suddenly. Now, there were lots of girls with light hair, but instinctively she meant Val.

"She's Gladys Castleton," I told her, "but we all call her Baby Blue, she's the most conceited girl I've ever seen, and all the time she raves about her golden curls and blue eyes. She's some stuck on herself, believe me."

"Think so?" I asked, surprised, for she was the first girl at Keats-Overly to say such a thing, and Baby Blue was pretty.

"Yes, don't you? But she hasn't much individuality."

"You're right," I said. "As for me, a classmate of mine, with reddish hair and a snappy, is my style. I never liked blondes. You've panicked me, you see." Val giggled. "Here she comes now," she said, and sure enough here came Baby Blue and Ted Lorimer. She looked at us as she passed, and Val's face, she laughed, but there was something nasty in her tones. "You know, Terry, it's against the rules for the boys and girls to get osculatory capital."

"I know," I replied, "I'm not breaking any rules, and I wondered if she had been spying on us. You can tell them with an innocent face, alright," whispered Lorimer, as he passed, and he grinned. I knew then some one had been spying. You see, that's the time when Val, who is perfectly proper for a girl of seventeen, became engaged to a boy of nineteen, but here it considered next to criminal.

Well, Val's such a quick little thing, it didn't take her more than a day to see how things were. All of the boys suffering from "Baby Blueitis," and she was the only one who didn't care. It was a warm October day when the trouble first began. The team had been having practice work, and we were around in all states of idleness, when Val made a harmless remark.

To be continued.

Composed by
HARRY E. CHADWICK.

Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

A TRUE STORY.

Some time we go to walk on an old mill pond near our home. We pass an old sunken grave. One day I asked Arthur to tell us about it, and this is the story: Once there was an old man and his wife who lived in a cabin near the pond. The man was very cross and unkind to the woman, so she could not have any peace. One day he was cutting wood when he got tired and laid down and went to sleep. The woman came out of the house, saw that he was asleep, and stood thinking how miserable he made her life. Suddenly she decided to kill him. So she took the ax and cut off his head. She buried him the best she could. After a while the neighbors missed him, and asked where he was. She said he had gone away on business. One day a neighbor's dog brought to his master a man's hand. A searching party set out at once, and soon found the buried man. The officers were sent to arrest the woman, but she was gone, and has never been found again.

Composed by IDA JACKSON.

Stovall, N. C.

THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

PART IV.

The inhabitants of Norway, Sweden and Denmark were called Norsemen, and they were a wild, fearless race of people.

Every now and then they would sail to Britain and attack the helpless natives. They burned villages, stole treasures, and either killed or carried away the people.

One day a time there was a woman who always told stories to other people and was always getting herself in trouble. One day she told a story which she knew would get her in more trouble than ever she had been in before. She went to the preacher and asked him what she was to do. He told her he knew nothing, but he told her he had a white chicken that he was going to kill, and he wanted her to pick it for him, but she had to do it all along the street to her home and bring it back to him clean, and this she did.

It was a very windy day, however, and when she was going back to the parsonage, she didn't see any of the feathers, for the wind had blown them away. When she got back, she asked the preacher what else she was to do. He told her to go back and pick up the feathers and bring them back to him.

"Oh, no, I can't," she said, "for they have blown all over the world."

"Well," said the preacher, "so have your stories gone all over the world." After that she never told any more stories. Now when we see white feathers flying around, we will think they are the ones that came from the white chicken that represented one of the woman's stories.

Drawn by Mary Hyland Lyne.

Puzzle Department

Jumbled Names of Boys.

Arckf.
Darling.
Ahreest.
Ony.
Aem.
Darner.
Anehr.
Rothb.

Composed by
LOUISE SEAT.

Jumbled Names of Boys.

1. Ony.
2. Othre.
3. Lunsue.
4. Eynhe.
5. Ietwil.
6. Ithl.

VIRGINIA DILLARD.

My Charade.

My first is in W, but not in war.
My second is in A, but not in day.
My third is in T, but not in sea.
My fourth is in E, but not in thee.
My fifth is in R, but not in far.
My sixth is in M, but not in them.
My seventh is in E, but not in knee.
My eighth is in L, but not in lake.
My ninth is in O, but not in shore.
My tenth is in N, but not in ten.
My whole is a name of a very good fruit.

Composed by
KATE M. HARRIS.

Westhope, Sussex County, Va.

Jumbled Names of Fruits.

Pleat.
Chapp.
Fagre.
Eggle.
Paerito.
Meolin.

LEROY MORING.

Riddle.

1. I cut six cords of wood at \$2.50 a cord. What would that come to?
2. Who wore the largest hat in the war?
3. Prospect, Va.

Answer to Kathleen Hall's Jumbled names of girls.

1. Florence.
2. Helen.
3. Elizabeth.
4. Ruth.
EDWARD JACKSON PRICE.

Jumbled Names of Trees.

1. Keirrho.
2. Mile.
3. Sheut.
4. Pmeal.
5. Iedowoo.
6. Chemlok.
7. Uprues.
8. Wierer Azleh.
9. Wwoill.
10. Enespa.
11. Versen.
12. Ttricheau.
13. Atulwn.
14. Sali.

Composed by
R. LYNE.

"Willow Grove," Orange, Va.

NAMES OF BIRDS IN FIGURES.

(1) 5, 1, 20, 2, 9, 15, 4.
(2) 10, 1, 25, 2, 3, 18, 4.
(3) 2, 12, 21, 5, 2, 9, 15, 4.
(4) 15, 1, 3, 11, 9, 14, 7, 2, 9, 15, 4.
(5) 18, 4, 2, 5, 18, 4.
(6) 18, 15, 2, 9, 14.
(7) 23, 15, 15, 4, 16, 5, 3, 11, 5, 15.
(8) 25, 5, 12, 12, 15, 23, 2, 9, 15, 4.
(9) 8, 12, 13, 12, 9, 14, 7, 2, 9, 15, 4.
(10) 2, 12, 1, 5, 11, 2, 9, 18, 4.
(11) 19, 14, 15, 23, 2, 9, 15, 4.
(12) 5, 14, 7, 12, 5, 19, 8—19, 16, 1, 15, 15, 23.
(13) 20, 8, 18, 21, 15, 8.
(14) 23, 5, 3, 11, 5, 18.
(15) 15, 1, 15, 20, 18, 9, 4, 7, 5.
(16) 15, 1, 15, 20, 18, 9, 4, 7, 5.
Gladstone, Nelson County, Va.

WILLIE'S CONVERSATION.

As Willie was riding on the street car and had to sit still, it was hard to keep quiet, so he started to questioning his aunt, whom he was with. "What is that, auntie?" pointing to a stack of hay.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," replied his aunt.

"What is hay, auntie?"

"What is hay made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt and air."

"Who makes it, auntie?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does He make it in the day or night time?"

"In both, Willie."

"On Sundays, too?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Why, ain't that wicked for Sundays?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Auntie, where do the stars come from?"

"I don't know, no one knows."

"I reckon the moon laid 'em, don't you?"

"I guess so, please hush."

"Auntie, Jack told me that a ox was a whale. Is that?"

"I think a whale could lay eggs, don't you?"

"Of course, dear."

"You ever see a whale on her nest?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so."

"Where, auntie?"

"I mean no, Willie, keep quiet, I'm going crazy. Oh, dear, you are so silly."

"Did you ever see a little fly eatin' sugar?"

"Why, dear, of course."

"Why, auntie, where?"

"Willie, sit down on that seat and be still, or I'll shake you. Now, not another word. And she pointed her finger at him, as if she was going to stick it through him."

BERTHA LANGLEY.

2207 Floyd Avenue.

ALICE AND THE BLACK SPANISH CHICKENS.

Once there was a lady whose name was Mrs. Jones. One day she and her little girl, Alice, went to Mrs. Brown's, who was one of her neighbors, and bought a setting of Black Spanish hen eggs. She took them home and put them under her big white hen.

Alice was eager to see them come out, so she went each morning to see if they had gotten out. One day, long before the time for them to come out when her mother was very busy, she missed Alice. She went to look for her. Her mother told her what a cruel little girl she had been to kill all of her poor little chickens.

Alice was eager to see them come out, so she went each morning to see if they had gotten out. One day, long before the time for